

to that Fountain of Thine
dying on Thy prints I go;
I shall be whiter than snow.

Solo.

When the night from heavy
falling (M. & V. 40).
of years are all numbered,
black stains from hell to light
ten plagues uncovered,
the escape from His sight
red hearts are reprobated,
souls rise again;
you stand in the light
great Judgment comes.

Chorus.

The light from heaven is falling.

Tessing, wands reverting;

just wash my sins away,

just with its chances,

"What might have been,"

inquest and victory

I mount you should win

I'll wish you'd gone forward

Jesus alone,

I stand in the light

great Judgment Throne,

trials all immature,

tough on your knees,

trials and duties

you're sure no one sees,

ensured in Heaven;

I hear H's "Well done,"

I stand in the light

great Judgment Throne.

ing Events.

EL JACOBS

Will conduct

Tent Meetings

At

GROVE, TORONTO,

Wednesday, Aug. 1st, to

Friday, Aug. 6th, inclusive.

AY GRAND FIELD DAY.

COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Sat. and Sun., Aug. 4, 5.

COL. MRS. READ

by LIEUT. BELL, will

visit

1. Sun., Mon., Tues., and

2. Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Rescue An-

3. N. B., Thurs. and Fri.

4. N. B., Sat. and Sun., Aug.

5. and Mon., Aug. 26, 27.

OR TURNER

will visit

Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 2,

28. (Aug.)

and Sun., Aug. 4, 5,

and Sun., Aug. 18, 19.

OR PICKERING

accompanied by the

Hand Bell Ringers

will visit

Wednesday, Aug. 2.

1. Sat., Sun., and Mon., Aug.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

Thursday, Aug. 9.

1. Sat. and Sun., Aug. 11, 12.

Wednesday, Aug. 14.

1. Sat. and Sun., Aug. 15, 16.

Wednesday, Aug. 18.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.

Thursday, Aug. 22.

Friday, Aug. 23.

1. Sat. and Sun., Aug. 25, 26.

Wednesday, Aug. 27.

1. Sat., Aug. 28.

CHINA AND ITS CAPITAL.

CHINA AND ITS CAPITAL.

The Chinese Empire has now become the focus of the world's eyes. Everybody is holding his breath to wait for developments of that gigantic sore on the earth's body. What may we expect to hear next in the way of atrocities and retaliation? Is there a peaceful solution possible without a bloody and tragic war, that one would be justified in calling a butchery?

China, with its four hundred million population could easily great outnum-ber any armies that Europe could place in the field. Prospective thoughts on this subject are very unpleasant. We must unite in prayer and faith that a general war of the white race against the yellow race will be avoided.

PEKIN.

For nine centuries, says the London Daily Express, Pekin has been an Imperial city.

In 1086, under the title of Nanking, or "Southern Capital," it was made the headquarters of the invading Khitan Tartars.

A century later it was re-captured by the Chinese, who reduced it to an ordinary provincial city and rechristened it Yenshanfu.

In 1151 Tartar hordes, of the Ki tribe, took possession of the city, elevat-ing it once more to the rank of a metropolis, built a royal residence within its walls, called it Chuangu, or "Central Capital."

Seventy years afterwards the Kin Tartars were driven out by Jenghiz Khan, who followed the example of a Chinese in 1080, and reduced it to a mere town.

Following Jenghiz, in 1220, came the great Kublai Khan, who rebuilt the city, called it Yenki, or "Great Capital," and held his court there in great magnificence.

It remained an Imperial city under this title and under the Chinese names of Tatu and Khankouluk until 1368, when a Chinese succeeded the Tartar dynasty, and the modern city of Nankin, on the Yangtze-kiang, became the capital.

In 1403, however, Yung Lu transferred his court to the city of the Khans, and rechristened it Pekin, or "Northern Capital," and the capital of China it has remained ever since.

The modern city consists of the "Nai Chi-ling," or inner city, and the "Wai Chi-ling," or outer city, of which the

about a million and a half, but these figures have been greatly swelled during the last few months. There are probably not less than two million people in the city at the present time, of whom the "foreigners" number a thousand all told.

North of the Imperial city is the famous Bell Tower, on whose great, deep-toned bell, cast five hundred years ago by the Emperor Yung Lo, and

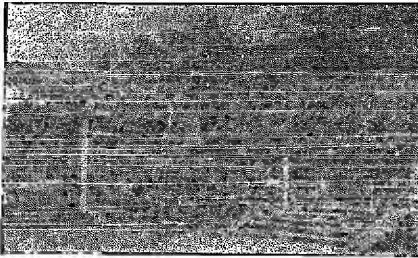
Weighing 120,000 Pounds,

the choes of the night watches are struck.

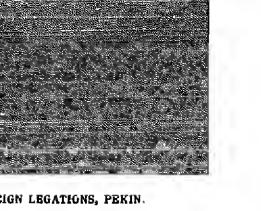
Thirdly is the Drum Tower, in which incense sticks, prepared by the Chinese Imperial astrologers, are kept burning, and gigantic water-clocks kept turning to mark the passage of time.

In the Chinese City the most prominent object is the Temple of Heaven, where every year the reigning ruler offers sacrifice on an open altar of white marble, having a base two hundred and ten feet wide, and an upper surface ninety feet broad, on which are ranged nine concentric circles, on the centre one of which the Emperor stands to offer his sacrifice.

Just above and to the leftward of the Purple City is the palace where the Emperor Kwang Hsu has been held prisoner by the Empress dowager since the coup d'etat of 1898. When, on June 19 last, offered by the usurper, Prince Tuon, his cousin, the choice between prison or the sword, he is believed to



ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN LEGATION, PEKIN.



THE STREET OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS, PEKIN.

former is more generally known as the Tartar City.

The City Walls are Thirty Miles in Circumference,

vary from 30 to 50 feet in height, and from 15 to 40 feet in breadth at the top, and enclose an area of 25 square miles.

The Imperial City, or "Hwang Chi-ling," is enclosed within the walls of the Tartar City and within this again is the Purple Forbidden City, in which stands the Imperial palace.

Entrance to Pekin is gained by means of sixteen gates, each of which is surmounted by a galleried tower, so constructed as to enable the city guards within it to direct their fire upon any point.

The Foreign Legations, where one of the most appealing tragedies since that of Crete, is now being played out—tragedy, already concluded—are situated in the right hand lower half of the Tartar City. The British Legation being immediately to the right of the great centre gate, leading from the Chinese through the Tartar to the Imperial City.

The normal population of Pekin is

have committed compulsory suicide by opium poisoning.

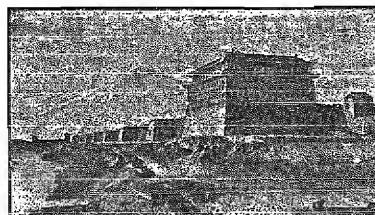
Both the Chinese and the Tartar Cities are inexpressibly dirty, full of ill-smelling dust in the dry weather and almost knee-deep in mud in the rainy season, which last just begun.

The Chinese, to a man, are rabidly anti-foreign at the best of times; to-day they are a scathing mob of fanatics crying for the blood of the "foreign devils" from every corner of the city.

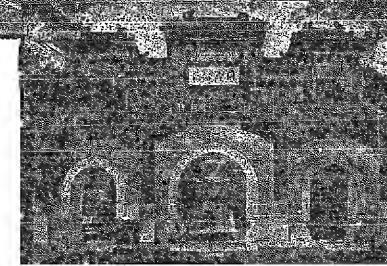
Modern Chinese History.

The page of modern Chinese history, says a writer in the London Daily Mail, is stained with blood—the blood of helpless and defenceless men and women. Since the days when Europeans first went to the for East, but especially during the past forty years, there has been a constant succession of brutal murders—murders usually brought about solely by the passionate hatred of the yellow man for the white.

One of the most characteristic of these was the Kuchang massacre, on August 1st, 1895. The Church Missionary Society had a very successful enterprise in that city. There were many converts,



South-East Tower of the Wall of Pekin.



and no one dreamt of any danger. Five lady missionaries lived in one house on the hills beyond the city during the summer heat, and close to them lived Mr. Stewart, the missionary in charge.

August 1st was the birthday of one of the children, so early in the morning three of his brothers and sisters got up

Why were they murdered? A proclamation had been issued among the people as follows:

"Notice is hereby given that at the present time foreign barbarians are hiring civil characters to kidnap small children, that they may extract oil from them for use. I have a female servant, named Li, who has personally seen this done. I exhort you, good people, not to allow your children to go out. I hope you will act in accordance with this."

And the mob did act on it.

The Tien Tsin Massacre of 1870.

On June 21, 1870, came the infamous Tien Tsin massacre. The French Catholic missionaries and Sisters of Mercy had established a mission in Tien Tsin, and one of their agencies was an orphans' home. A report got about among the natives that the Sisters were killing the children to use their hearts and eyes in the manufacture of some medical specific much sought after in Europe.

Everyone saw that a storm was coming and the French Consul was urged to take such steps as would avert the disaster to befall. But the Consul thought such a request was a slur on his dignity, and refused to listen to it. The Consul paid for his dignity with his life. No one fully knows what happened, for every European on the spot was done to death. The defenceless Sisters were butchered after nameless barbarities, and the French cathedral and orphanage were set on fire. Twenty foreigners, including a Russian and his young bride, who were mistaken for French, were slain.

For a moment it seemed that a general uprising, such as that of the present hour, must follow. But in the end the Chinese authorities subdued the uprising, and executed a score of rioters. It was believed that the men executed were purchased victims, and that the real criminals escaped.

Few men have nothing to tell us, but they will speak what they know, and speak it according to the measure of their powers.



THE NATIVE CITY OF TIEN TSIN.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCE.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	225
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	60
Sergt. Yeomans, Brantford	150
Capt. Hollmans, Chatham	120
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	112
Capt. Branigan, Leamington	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	91
Mrs. Hartland, Woodstock	88
Capt. Jordison, Forest	85
Mr. M. Dickson, St. Thomas	84
Lieut. Kunkels, Galt	81
Capt. Fyfe, Sarnia	80
Capt. Williams, Galt	79
Capt. Ringler, Simcoe	75
Capt. Green, Windsor	73
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	73
Capt. Campbell, Paris	73
Sister Nameless, Berlin	73
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	70
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgewood	65
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Howcroft, Stratford	60
Lieut. Edwards, Stratford	60
Ensign Wakefield, London	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	58
Lieut. P. H. Bayfield	58
Mrs. Donnelly, Peterborough	55
Ensign Gomble, Wallaceburg	55
Sister Dennis, St. Thomas	53
Sister Foster, Petrolia	53
Sister McDougall, Goderich	50
Lieut. Major, Hespeler	48
Lieut. Stichels, Sarnia	45
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Kiteba, Tilsonburg	45
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Sarnia	45
Fred Palmer, London	42
Sister Schuster, Berlin	41
Lieut. Greenway, Berlin	40
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	40
Lieut. Hartman, Ingersoll	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Capt. Huntingdon, Essex	40
Bro. Allen, Guelph	40
Treas. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	39
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	38
Lieut. Fennacy, Blenheim	38
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Lieut. Greenbridge, Chatham	33
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	33
Mrs. Simpson, Guelph	33
Lieut. Hartwood, Wallaceburg	33
Sister Bostick, Petrolia	31
Capt. Brooks, Theford	30
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	30
Capt. Dowell, Sarnia	29
Sister Clinchsmith, Dresden	30
Sister Glover, Dresden	30
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	30
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	30
Sergt. Deering, Hespeler	30
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	28
Sister Garrison, Petrolia	27
Mrs. Capt. Kersaw, Drayton	25
Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	25
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	25
Stanley Gammie, Chatham	23
Marshall Bean, Wallaceburg	23
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	23
Capt. Carr, Ridgewood	22
Capt. Gowan, Petrolia	22
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20
Lulu Butcher, W. Ontario	20
W. G. Hart, W. Ontario	20
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	20
Capt. Hollett, Vineland	20
Mrs. Fuller, Chatham	20
Sister Ellis, Dresden	20
Father Christine, London	20
Sister Mrs. Northeast, Bothwell	20
Capt. White, Bleubeach	20
Corps-Cadet Faubister, St. Thomas	20
Sister Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Coe, Goderich	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	187
Sergt. Major Dudley, Ottawa	150
Mrs. Ensign Wyman, Ottawa	105
Ensign O'Neil, Ottawa	105
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	90
Sergt. Moira, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	80
Adit. Ogilvie, Cornwall	78
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	78
I. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	75
Lieut. Crosier, Peterboro	68
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	66
Capt. Jones, Burlington	65
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	65
Capt. Bliss, Quebec	60
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Sads Merchant, St. Johnsbury	60
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	57
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	57
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	55
Capt. Ash, Oshawa	54
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	53
Capt. Burtch, Newport	53
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	50

COMPETITION CHAT

Synopsis of this Week's Record: "Much of a Muchness."

By SILAS SELLQUICK.

Ontario remains in statu quo. Arab still leads, Ming follows, and Nigger brings up the rear. There is really but little distance between any of them, but still even a head's length counts.

—♦]♦—

Napance has dropped 30 copies, and Peartretova has picked them up. This is a piece of news from East Ontario. My blessing on Peartretova, but where is Napance going to? Will you please repeat and come back to your old number?

—♦]♦—

Capt. Gibson, of London, leads the Territory with 225 copies this week. Ottawa has Lieut. McEwan with 187 and S. M. Dudley with 150, while Brantford comes again with the two Yeomans with 150 each. That is the kind of Yeomanry to have in the boomers' ranks. We christen them the Klag's Yeomanry, and may there be eternal enmity between them and the devil.

—♦]♦—

The East is again absent. What can

be said in excuse of this? Nothing! We will not hunt for an excuse, but simply state that the East is missing. The wires are not cut and railway communication is intact, but still the fact remains that the East is missing, which robs us of a great deal of joy.

—♦]♦—

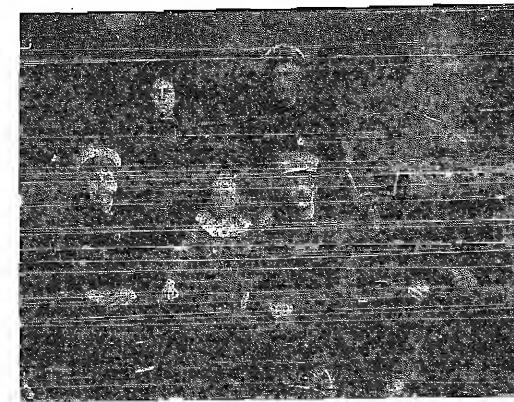
Lieut. Johnson, of Nelson, is again in the list with 200, and Capt. Noble, of Spokane, with 180. Bless them both!

—♦]♦—

But the greatest joy is caused by the Newfoundland list, which has sixteen (?) names this week, and a leading fight with 164 sales, Sergt. Jessie Lulstone. You are a brick, Jessie! Welcome to the third degree of the Boomers' Order.

—♦]♦—

Mrs. Major Hargrave, who has been at Butte nursing Mrs. Gale, helped with the War Crys for two weeks, we are informed. Bless her! She is made of the right material. I take off my hat, Mrs. Hargrave.



THE WAR CRY AND YOUNG SOLDIER BOOMERS OF GLACE BAY, C.B.

Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	50	Sergt. Jewell, Picton	25
Sergt. Richie, Montreal IV	50	P. Tilley, Brockville	24
Capt. Carter, Belleville	50	Bro. Duquette, Trenton	23
Capt. Owen, Cooticook	50	Sister Donnelly, Millbrook	21
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	50	Sister Donnelly, Millbrook	21
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	50	Sister Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Sister Alice Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	50	Mark Spencley, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	50	Sister Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
Sergt. S. A. Sauer, Montreal I.	50	Sister Bessie Shrophord, Quebec	20
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	47	Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sister Barber, Kingston	45	Sister Vaurac, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	44		
Capt. Franklin, Renfrew	44		
Capt. Vince, Renfrew	44		
Capt. Cook, Montreal I.	41		
Sergt. H. Parker, Montreal II	41		
Sister M. Stone, Montreal II	40		
Staff-Capt. Burdett, Peterboro	40		
Capt. Whinford, Bloomfield	40		
Capt. Green, Port	40		
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	40		
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	40		
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40		
Mr. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	40		
Capt. Weir, Millbrook	39	Capt. Clink, Owen Sound	20
Sister B. Burdett, Burlington	35	Capt. Clink, Owen Sound	20
Capt. Dawson, Montreal I.	35	Capt. Cring, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	35	Capt. Brant, Omemee	20
Capt. Liddell, Campbellford	35	Capt. Walker, Richmond St.	20
Capt. Stanforth, Napanee	35	Capt. Barker, Meaford	20
Capt. Crego, Kempton	35	Capt. Darra, Meaford	20
Sister McEwan, Arnprior	35	Capt. Lott, Grovenhurst	20
Capt. Gommidge, Sarnia	30	Capt. Marshall, Uxbridge	20
Alice Ovey, Sherbrooke	30	Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	20
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	30	Capt. St. Leger, Huntsville	20
Lieut. Lang, Napanee	30	Capt. Reynolds, Bowmansville	20
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	27	S. M. Gilks, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	27	Capt. Bone, Bradford	20
Capt. Carter, Peterboro	26	Capt. White, Riverside	20
Sergt. Major Downey, Kingston	26	Capt. Stollker, Riverside	20
Capt. Brown, Montreal I.	25	Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	20
W. H. Williams, Montreal I.	25	Capt. Charlton, North Bay	20
Sister Lewis, Montreal I.	25	Capt. Pool, Chesley	20
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	25	Capt. DesBray, Barrie	20
Capt. Barber, Burlington	23		

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.

Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	110
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	91
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	87
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St.	85
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	64
Lieut. Leggett, Riverside	64
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	61
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	60
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Capt. Clink, Owen Sound	59
Capt. Cring, Hamilton I.	59
Capt. Brant, Omemee	59
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	59
Capt. Barker, Meaford	59
Capt. Darra, Meaford	59
Capt. Lott, Grovenhurst	47
Capt. Marshall, Uxbridge	45
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	45
Capt. St. Leger, Huntsville	45
Capt. Reynolds, Bowmansville	45
S. M. Gilks, Yorkville	45
Capt. Bone, Bradford	45
Capt. White, Riverside	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	45
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	45
Capt. Pool, Chesley	45
Capt. DesBray, Barrie	45

Capt. McConn, Collingwood

Lieut. Patterson, Collingwood

Capt. Hinckson, Perry Sound

Lieut. St. Leger, Perry Sound

Cadet McInnis, Temple

Capt. Culbert, Little Current

Lieut. Christopher, Little Current

Capt. Nyland, Brantford

Bro. G. Carpenter, Orangefield

Bro. Dixon, Temple

Capt. Connor, Dundas

Lieut. Peacock, Dundas

Capt. McDonald, Temple

Emily Howell, Riversdale

Capt. Stephens, Aurora

Lieut. Lillard, Aurora

Sister Matheson, Linton St.

Capt. R. Evelyn, Oshawa

Lieut. Morrell, Faversham

Sister Boyer, Newmarket

Sister Lightfoot, Hinsdale I.

Mr. Brown, Hamilton I.

S. M. Boyce, Brackenridge

Lieut. Carderine, Bowmansville

P. S. M. Connermane, Kincardine

Sister Grafton, Temple

Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple

Sister Boult, Temple

Sister Bowman, Temple

Sister Mrs. Batt, Dovercourt

Sister Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt

Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt

Capt. Wilson, Lippincott St.

Lieut. Busby, Richmond St.

Sergt. Moore, Yorkville

Sister Kennedy, Yorkville

Capt. Trickey, Orangeville

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton II.

Mrs. Currie, Hamilton II.

Capt. S. Dales, Midland

Capt. M. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls

Bro. Small, St. Catharines

EAST vs. WEST.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	113
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	103
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	99
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	99
Lieut. Onstar, Jamestown	99
Ensign Hayes, Brandon	99
Lieut. Lawford, Brandon	99
Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	99
Ensign Deon, Grand Forks	99
Lieut. Quisen, Portage la Prairie	99
Capt. Gable, Dauphin	99
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	99
Sergt. Mrs. O'Neil, Winnipeg	99
Father Harvey, Valley City	99
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	99
Capt. Barringer, Fort William	99
Capt. Blodget, Grand Forks	99
Mrs. Gillum, Carberry	99
Capt. Cromar, Selkirk	99
Lieut. E. Cusiter, Reglin	99
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	99
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	99
Emma Collier, Souris	99
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	99
Lient. McRae, Port William	99
Capt. Michael, Lethbridge	99
Cadet Price, Winnipeg	99
Sergt. Mrs. Parker, Minden	99
Capt. Fell, Grafton	99
Lieut. Forsberg, Oakes	99
Lieut. Nittal, Devil's Lake	99
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	99
Lieut. Hall, Emerson	99
Capt. Merree, Moosomin	99
Capt. Charlton, Calgary	99
Lieut. Muller, Minot	99
Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	99
Sister Chapman, Winnipeg	99
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	99
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	99
Lieut. Johnson, Nelson	99
Capt. Noble, Spokane	99
Mrs. Ensign Cumming, Great Falls	99
Lieut. Morris, Billings	99
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	99
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, New Whatcom	99
Lieut. Long, Rossland	99
Capt. Krell, Vancouer	99
Capt. Gaila, Revelstoke	99
Capt. Jackson, Livingston	99
Capt. Warth, Anancon	99
Lieut. Floyd, Anancon	99
Capt. Scott, Helena	99
Sister Myren, Helena	99
Capt. Mortimer, Victoria	99
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	99
Bro. Moody, Vancouer	99
Lieut. Boyer, Killepoll	99
Capt. Sonthill, Missoula	99
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	99



16th Year

CAPE BRETON'S WEEK.

North Sydney's First Sunday—Souls in the Fountain—Crowds—Interest—Sympathy—
Member of Parliament's Promise—A Mayor's Cordiality—Rescue
Work to the Front.

North Sydney, Sunday, July 8th.

Began the Cape Breton campaign on Sunday afternoon. North Sydney turned out well to hear Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read. This not being Mrs. Read's first visit to North Sydney, it is needless for me to say that the friends were delighted at her coming, and consequently gave her a right royal welcome. A more intelligent audience could not be seen—perhaps than that which greeted the Colonel that Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Read spoke with much power and earnestness of spirit, and after hearing her one could not but be inspired and helped on to do better. Christians were made stronger, and sinners made to see and feel their need of Christ.

The Y. M. C. A. Hall was kindly loaned for the night meeting by the friends. A still larger crowd assembled at night. Mrs. Read, though very worn and tired, spoke for fifty-five minutes with great force and love. "Boundless love" being the subject, conviction was stamped on many faces, and two souls found the blessing of salvation.

Tuesday Night, Glace Bay.

What shall I say of Glace Bay? How shall I describe it? Beautiful magnificence!

The Presbyterian Church, loaned us for the occasion, was filled. A train was ordered by Sergeant Major McPherson to bring in people from the surrounding places. Mr. John Johnson acted as chairman. Mr. Johnson holds the responsible position of Assistant General Manager of the Dominion Coal Company's mines, and is a very warm and practical friend. Mr. Johnson said he esteemed it a great honor to preside over such an important meeting as the present one, and had great pleasure in introducing Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read to a Glace Bay audience for the first time.



MR. JOHNSON,
Assistant Manager Glace Bay Mines.

Mrs. Read then addressed the meeting, and for about sixty-five minutes spoke with great force and eloquence. Every eye was riveted, and the closest attention paid to every word. It is needless to say that from first to last the meeting was a decided success.

The friends were splendid. True the Glace Bay friends to do a good thing when they have the opportunity. One thing very noticeable about our Glace Bay comrades is that there seems to be a good spirit of unity and interest.

We shall not soon forget how, at the close of the meeting, all the local officers gathered around, anxious to know how we had fared financially, and to express once more their appreciation of Mrs. Read's visit. Also, we would not forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, who so very kindly entertained us during our short stay at Glace Bay. They are warm friends of the Salvation Army, too much cannot be said of their hospitality. May God bless our kind friends of Glace Bay!

North Sydney Again.

The Social Meeting at North Sydney was held in the Royal Albert Hall,

Mayor McKenzie in the chair. His Worship spoke very sympathetically of the work and very kind words introduced Mrs. Read.

Mrs. Read again told the story of the Army's Social operations, its plans and victories, and as the result of the Lieut.-Colonel's visit many more friends have been added to the work.

Mr. Joseph Salter, Mr. Walter Smith, and Mr. Cross all made a few brief and suitable remarks before the close of the meeting.

Great credit is due Captain and Mrs. Thompson for the magnificent way in which they worked to make the campaign a success.

Sydney's Social Meeting

Friday night, Methodist Church, our old friend, Mr. Burrell, in the chair; meeting a great success; crowds large and sympathetic; finances splendid.

Mrs. Read was invited to address a meeting of the W. C. T. U. especially called for the purpose.

New Glasgow's Campaign.

Saturday night, New Glasgow. Adj. Dowell gave Mrs. Read a very cordial welcome. Adj. Dowell knows how to do it! After expressing her pleasure at once more visiting New Glasgow, and thanking the comrades for their kind greetings, Mrs. Read read a few verses from the word of God. Everyone was touched with the simple old story which, though so often told, never loses its meaning. A wonderful spirit prevailed throughout the whole meeting, and two souls were saved.

In McNeil Hall, in the afternoon meeting, Mrs. Read spoke on the League of Mercy and prison work. Everyone was very much interested.

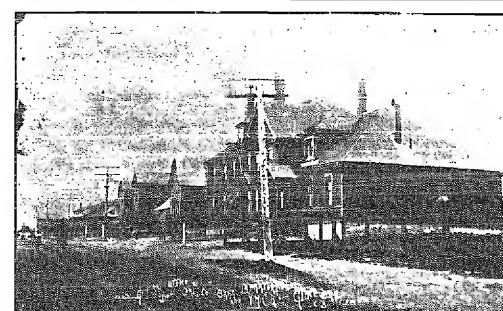
Great salvation meeting at night; hall well filled.

After the usual preliminaries, Mrs. Read rose Bible in hand, and for a long time held the audience in almost breathless attention. Sinners were convicted of their sin, and seven souls sought and found pardon, and many went away feeling sad and depressed on account of sin.

Social Meeting, New Glasgow.

This meeting was held in McNeil Hall, and the chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Grant, who is one of the Army's old and tried friends. He said it was a source of great pleasure to him to again meet Mrs. Read, and to preside over her meeting. His sympathy had always been with the Salvation Army, and especially in their endeavors to raise fallen humanity. Mrs. Read's address on the League work was again listened with rapt attention. Mrs. Read gave a general sketch of the League and League of Mercy work, and brought before the minds of the people the ever-increasing need and its causes and effects. After Mrs. Read's address the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick spoke very sympathetically, and expressed his willingness to assist the S. A. Social work.

Everything in New Glasgow went well. Everywhere, so far, God has attended, owned, and blessed the efforts put forth in this special campaign.—H. B.



VIEW OF GLACE BAY, C.B.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GLACE BAY, C.B.,
Where Mrs. Read conducted her Social Meeting.

Fact or Fiction.

A Pen-Picture of the Indian Famine, by
One on the Spot.

I wonder sometimes if there is a single person who, when reading descriptions of the horrors of the famine, doubt the truth of what is written or said, or fancies that to get help for the sufferers, those working for them and amongst them exaggerate things, or seek to create sympathy by creating or dilating upon horrors.

I wish any such person could spend a week or two in going from place to place with us, seeing what we see, hearing what we hear.

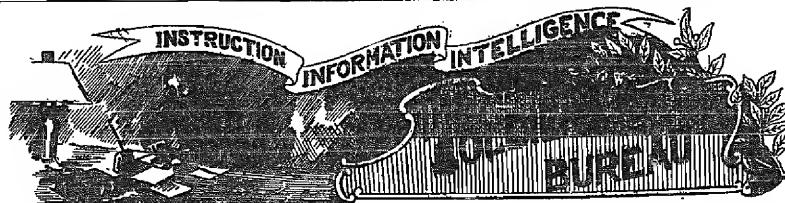
Just sit quietly in this train and watch the little undeveloped children creeping cautiously through the wires, keeping their eyes on the policeman. Poor urchins! they have orders to keep the beggars off the station, and often, when they see a kindly-disposed person giving some food, they walk off and appear not to see, and only when the food has actually been distributed do they come back and shout and scare away the offenders.

Give to those two tiny ones, they look nearly dead. Now for a scramble; twenty at least, the number steadily increasing; what cries, and shouts, and strugles! Now pass along this quiet road—see that poor boy sitting up by the roadside?

He Will, Doubtless, Die To-Night; give him a piece, poor boy! What in the world are all these people running across the field for? Where do they come from? Where are they running? Why, they are running after you. From where? They saw you give that boy something. They are running, writhing from behind the trees and bushes, every limb, and more for a mile, fifty or more men, women, and children, will run and holler, and beg, and weep.

Start from the station to your home; see the many high-caste men who wait when the rains failed—to see the cattle dying daily—to see the bitter, utter despair of women going back to their husbands, cattle, and villages, home gone, children dead or dying, and to be able to do so comparatively little for them—to sit and watch the crowds of hungry people stream by—to see the greed with which any grain that falls to the ground is picked up—to see the awful lighting of a hundred or two of grain and that by naked women who have never begged before! Ah, I could go on for hours. If I had time, Heartie! Sorry? One feels one can never be light-hearted again, or rise above the awful depression over our country's woes. One feels the awful anguish, and disappointment, and utter helplessness of thousands who, a few months ago, were comfortably off, now utterly destitute, and dying daily.

Had we not Jesus, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with the very bitterest grief, we could not bear it. Flesh and blood would fail and succumb. We know Him, and something of the power of His resurrection, and a little of the fellowship of His sufferings, and we trust Him to bring our precious people from death unto everlasting, ever-increasing life.—Staff-Capt. Arbut.



Jersey Jingles.

DUTY OF SHOWING THE RIGHT WAY.

To recognize error as error is small evidence of power. To recognize truth as truth is, in itself, a sign of superiority. A man may point out every error within range of his observation, or that might endanger his fellows, and yet he of no service in the world. He may observe and indicate the important truth to be considered, and thus be useful and show to others, the right way, without taking note of any error at all. It is not enough to warn against pitfalls on the road or rocks in the harbor; unless he can show the safe route and the clear channel he is worthless as a pilot. May God preserve us from thinking or saying too much about faults and flaws and hindrances, and from not saying enough about the right and the safe way! He who fails to point others aright, may prove the ruin of those to whom he talks earnestly about the false way.—S. S. Times.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—SAFE WHILE IN HIS HANDS.

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—John x. 28.

He giveth, indeed, life to the soul, eternal life, and life abundant. No man, no devil, no power, can pluck His sheep from His hand, except our own will. He keeps us if we will it, but He does not force our will. Our following the Shepherd must be voluntary. It is a continual exercise of choice, and this is the virtue of the service of love, which receives heaven.

His honor is engaged to save.

The meanness of His sheep: All that His Heavenly Father gave. His hands securely keep.

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MONDAY.—OUR NEEDS FULLY MET.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv. 19.

There is not a need of the soul, but what God fully understands, and has made provision to meet it. We may often want things which are purposely withheld, but wants frequently, even in saints, differ from needs. God does not undertake to give us all our desires, but He underneath to supply all our needs out of the abundant store of His riches. What need we worry about ourselves, then?

I can do all things, or can bear All sufferings, if my Lord be there; Sweet pleasure mingles with the pains, While His right hand my heart sustains.

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TUESDAY.—IF DISCOURAGED, WAIT ON THE LORD.

"Wait on the Lord, he of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."—Ps. xxvi. 14.

There are times in the lives of the bravest and most fearless of God's saints when they seem to be no definite pointer which way to pursue, and the silent silence, while the darkness closes around the spirit. It is especially a great trial to native natures, to whom anything else than aggression seems stagnation. It is such moments the soul pushes on in a path of its own choosing, it will only fall into greater depression. At such times we must wait on the Lord, for it has its own lesson. God sends these seasons to call in a halt that we may turn our eyes into our own heart and behold there our needs. Waiting on the Lord brings strength within us; fills us with new powers, and accumulates courage for the time when the Lord's voice bids us advance again.

WEDNESDAY.—THE TEST OF LOVE.

"If ye have Me, keep My commandments."—John xiv. 15.

Love's recognizances are praiseworthy, not to be neglected; but the true test of love is the anxious observance of the beloved's wishes. If there is a slowness and hesitancy or neglect about it, then we may form our declaration of love in the most eloquent of phrases, it will only become offensive to a greater degree. The doing of God's will is the true affirmation of our love for Him.

Only one intention, Only one ambition, Lord, at the cross I claim it mine; Every treasure spending, In Thy cause contending, Held by the power of a love like Thine.

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THURSDAY.—THE EVIDENCE OF A CHRISTIAN.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is not of His."—Rom. viii. 9.

This passage implies the solution to the former. If we love God, we do what He bids us, and we CAN do what we are bidden by Him, because His Spirit is ours. We are enabled to rise above the crafty, subtle powers of evil, but His Spirit at once strengthens us and furnishes the power, to do God's bidding.

The men that know Thy name will faint.

In Thine abundant grace; For Thou hast never forsaken the just, That humbly seek Thy face.

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FRIDAY.—THE SPRING OF PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."—Isa. xxvi. 3.

The pursuit of the things of time and sense begins but passing satisfaction; the old turmoil and contentment in the unregenerated heart are but briefly lulled to sleep. But when happiness and contentment are unattainable to others, the child of God has a never-failing spring of peace within him! Emmanuel—God with us—not after off. We can turn to it when every hand is against us. The mind which turns to God, as the flower turns its face to the sun, drinks in the rays of everlasting peace.

Oh, the peace my Saviour gives, Peace I never knew before; And my way has bright grown, Since I've learned to trust Him more.

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SATURDAY.—SAFETY IN THE END ONLY.

"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Mtt. xxiv. 13.

Conversion saves us from the past; faith saves us in the present; but nothing can save us indefinitely for the future. We must meet daily the conditions at ardent—obedience in the will of God. Yet there are many who would make us believe that salvation for eternity is a sort of bargain, made at the time of conversion, and for ever entitling us to a seat in heaven, independent of our behaviour after conversion.

Every hour I'll serve Thee, What'er may befall, Till in heaven I crown Thee King and Lord of all.

SAINTS WANTED.

By MAJOR BIRKENSHAW, Australia.

Every saint should be a soldier. Many God make us even bolder, and send us forth to do daring deeds to win the world for Him. There is no doubt that this proud, defiant world needs saints. In the cause of liberty, patriotism has advanced again.

resisted him, and among them was one Tigranes, who was taken prisoner by Cyrus. In the evening of the day of the battle Cyrus was seated on a throne, received his captives, and looked upon the trophies of his victory as they passed before him. At last came the royal family of Tigranes, consisting of himself and wife, father and mother. The royal conqueror asked Tigranes what he would redeem his father and mother, and he offered all his treasures, and they were released. Then said Cyrus to Tigranes, "With what will you redeem your wife?" Tigranes answered, "Oh, Cyrus, I will redeem her; I will die for her if you will restore her to liberty." The heroic answer so affected the noble Cyrus that he ordered the release of them both. Afterwards Tigranes asked his wife if she was not impressed with Cyrus' noble appearance. "No," she answered, "I was looking to the man who offered to redeem me with his life."

And our King looks only on the sublime life and devotion at the saints, and He will crown the saints who are prepared for self-sacrifice and death for the sake of the dying world around.

What a Soldier Should Know

Obedience an Essential Principle.

Obedience is an essential principle of all governments, human or Divine. Without it there would be confusion even in Heaven; much more so must its absence lead to disorder and every evil work on earth.

Without obedience, government is an impossibility. Every soldier must therefore render cheerful and willing obedience to the commands of his superior officers. Of course, this is supposing that such commands are always in accordance with truth and righteousness; but if they are so, then he must seek to carry them through without a question.

A Duty to God and Man.

Obedience supposes that the soldier relies on the wisdom and goodness of his officers, believing that they have the Spirit of God, and will only command him to do that which is right.

He should see that the carrying out of this principle of obedience is a duty he owes alike to God and men: that the Bible requires that he should obey those that are over him in the Lord, and that it is impossible for anything very extensive or impressive to be done towards saving souls without it.

Arms Only Victorious Through It.

He should understand that the practice of this obedience is at the very foundation of all the fighting power in the Army. If soldiers persuade themselves that they can refuse to obey orders at will because they do not like them, because they think that they are not to their personal advantage, profit, or honor, or for any other reason whatever, no one can be sure of getting anything done at all, much less with that quick, rapid, and prompt action which secures victory.

Essential to the Peace of Mind.

He will see that the acceptance of this principle of obedience and a cheerful compliance with it are essential to true peace of mind. If a soldier is always arguing as to whether he ought to do this or to do the other—to go here or to stay there—he will always be more or less miserable; whereas if he commits his leaders to God, and trusts the Holy Spirit to guide them, he has nothing to do but to obey.

The soldier will also feel that obedience is a means of grace and growth, helping to make strong and useful men and women, and fitting them for positions of usefulness. Those who have never learned to obey are not fit to command.

Prompt and Constant Obedience.

The obedience of the soldier should be prompt; that is, it must be given at the moment. The carrying out of orders immediately on their being issued is important. Delays in the fulfillment of commands, if not always dangerous, will often make the obedience useless when it does come.

The obedience of the soldier should be constant. It must be rendered whether the order is pleasant or otherwise—agreeable or not—to flesh and blood. The soldier who only obeys such orders as he chooses cannot be said to obey at all. The uniform compliance with all instructions is the very essence of that obedience which lies at the root of all good government.

Officers' Councils at Spokane.

A Much-Prized Opportunity by Western Officers—Officers' Day Off—Heavenly Councils—Lively Wind-up, with Big Open-Air and Indoor Meetings.

By ENSIGN BLOSS.

Major and Mrs. Hargrove, the Provincial Officers, have just concluded two days' councils with the officers of the Pacific Province. The distances being so great out here makes it almost impossible to assemble all the officers at our central point whenever the P. O. desires them in for council, but it has been generally managed to have one of these a year, by making a general farewell, and so it happened this time.

Monday and Tuesday the officers began to arrive, the most of them having to travel from 12 to 24 hours to get here; they came in the morning, noon, evening, and midnight; from east, west, north, and south. Some came from army corps, and some from "hard nuts" (for "hard not gold that glitters"), even in the "Golden West"; but every one seemed to come in with a cheerful exuberance.

The officers had not all arrived when the first session of the council commenced on Wednesday morning, but as the first song was lined out by the Major, and "We'll be heroes" was wafted out on the breeze through the open windows of the barracks, our faith seemed to rise, and God came down upon us, as He always does to waiting hearts, so that when we got upon our knees and poured out our souls together in song, it seemed as though heaven had come down half way to meet us; it was good to be there.

The morning session was a sort of welcome reception, when the Major and Mrs. Hargrove, in a few words of welcome, told how pleased they were to have the opportunity of meeting the officers, and to meet together in council, after which we adjourned for dinner.

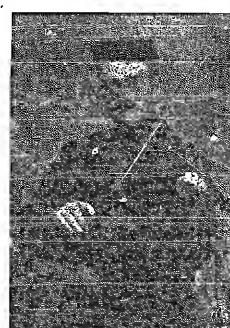
A Picnic with Free Wine.

It had been decided to spend the two days in close session to discuss the most important needs of the war, but the Provincial Officer thought upon a splendid idea, and that was to have an officers' picnic for the Wednesday afternoon, seeing that many, for the past year, had been fighting against great odds, in the way of preaching to hardened and indifferent crowds, small attendance at open-air, few souls, and the like, and so very seldom together, as well as the fact that the P. O.'s were strangers to many, and this would afford an opportunity for inter-

views, so that two birds were killed with one stone; therefore it was with pleasure and surprise that each officer, who came from the city received a little formal letter inviting them to be present at the picnic. At 1:40 p.m. we met at the corner of Wellington St. and Riverside Ave., where, through the kindness of Mr. Hender, a warm friend of the Army, and President of the Monroe Railway and Park Co., was placed at our disposal one of his cars free to take us to the Park. It was a beautiful day, and a jollier, happier crowd I don't think could be found in Spokane than

fine tea spread for the hungry ones, and after grace was said heartily, justice was done to the well-spread table; then, while it was time to go to the officers' home, time was spent in exchanging notes amongst the officers, together with finishing up with a good prayer meeting, when Mrs. Hargrove thanked our Heavenly Father for the blessings of the day, and asked for grace to help us conquer in the future.

Thursday, some 40 officers assembled for a day of council, beginning at 9:30 a.m. The morning was given up to our spiritual needs, it being, as the Major termed it, our soldiers' meeting. One poor drunk wandered in and sat at the back, and when told it was a private meeting, said he was sorry to disturb us, but was attracted by the singing and held a hootsister. Salvini left himself, the singing took hold of him. May God restore him to his former joy and peace! Before the Major took his subject, a time was given for some testimonies, when Adj't. Ayre, in his usual Blood-and-Fire style, told us he did not know what discouragement was, and thanked God for the power that had kept him going on. After Capt. Sheard had spoken, and a few



Bro. Hunt, Virden, Man.

discussion of the J. S. war, Band of Love, and the making and keeping of soldiers; we were shown our weaknesses in this direction, and I am sure the Province ought to benefit by this afternoon's session; in fact, almost before the last echo of the council had died away, word was received from one of the officers at his corps, that already he had got the J. S. work going, which before had seemed almost an impossibility.

One of the Largest Open-Airs

Spokane has known for years was taking place this same evening, right in the heart of the city; and when that infernal Adj't. Ayre got hold of the truth, there was no going back. Some red-hot shots were fired into the enemy's ranks, and one of the leading features was a word or two from Skagway's new leaders, Capt. Emma Gooding and Lieut. Long, and the installation of Spokane's new officers, Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. LeDrew, by Major Hargrove, after which we waded our way to the larracks, where a crowded house awaited us.

We were soon into a swinging meeting, led by the Major and Mrs. Hargrove. The soldiers most gladly gave up the platform to the officers for this one night, and sat still, with the exception of a hearty "Amen" now and again. The united singing brought tears to many eyes. Oh the power of song! Officers were called on from all parts of the Province to say a few words, and solos were sung. We had a glorious meeting, although none would yield.

A wire of sympathy was sent from the officers in council to Adj't. Galt of Butte, who, with the whole corps, flags and drum, were assembled for holding open-air meetings, but the case has since been dismissed. Hallelujah! Victory for Butte!

THE SALOON THE GATEWAY OF HELL

J. G. Wooley characterizes it in the following forcible words:

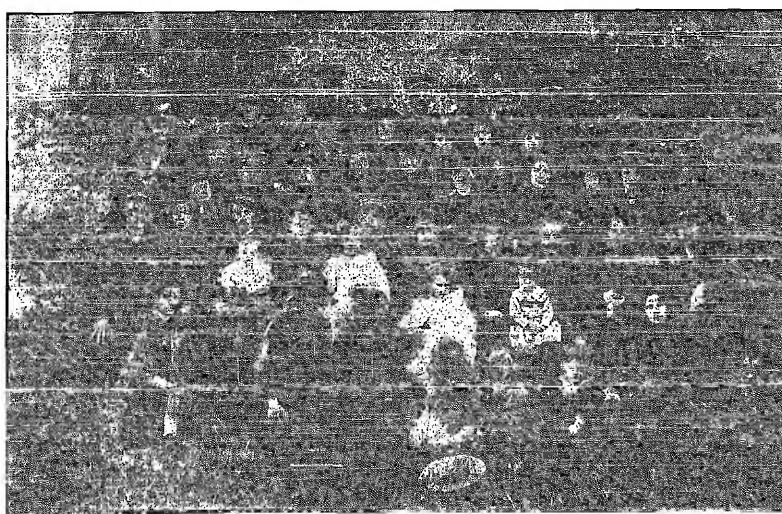
"Nothing so monstrous ever cast a shadow on land or sea. Nothing so villainous ever dared the lightning of the wrath of God or man.

"Her hold is full of widows' dowries stolen when they wrung their empty hands and prayed for the mere mercy of sober penury; orphans' patrimonies filched from them while in direst horror they watched their murdered fathers die; jewels torn from the sweet brows of maidens; jewels from the forehead in shame, misery, and blind and cursed in their first and only love.

"Sleek sharks swarm in her wake for the dead that come over the side unshrouded and unshiven—twelve to the hour, year in year out; and her scuppers dip the blood of assassinated innocence into the Sad Sea, hour by hour, never ceasing.

"When she was launched, insanity sat in the ricevices and improvised a crazy song; impurity broke on her deck the lamp from the happy home; treason struck a match and lit the fires; infanticide spattered the mainmast with a mother's heart across her bow; and the whole family of crime wounded itself and bissed a name for her as she slid down the ways—*saloon*."

No man is rich enough to be extravagant.



OFFICERS OF THE PACIFIC PROVINCE ON SPOKANE'S PICNIC DAY.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

ADJT. JOST, Halifax Regne Home, to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.
 Capt. A. Barker, St. Johns, Nfld., Men's Social, to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. E. Mercer, Gooseberry Island, to be ENSIGN.
 Lieut. Downey, Carboner, to be Captain at Bird Island Cove.
 Lieut. Way, Twillingate, to be Captain at Trinity.
 Lieut. LaDrew, Exploits, to be Captain at Hare Bay.
 Lieut. Rose, Triton, to be Captain at Jackson's Cove.
 Lieut. Follett, Herring Neck, to be Captain at Little Bay Island.
 Lieut. Richards to be Captain at Campbellton.
 Lieut. Wiseman, Bay Roberts, to be Captain at Gurnish.
 Lieut. Hartman, Ingersoll, to be Captain at Blenheim.

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN HISCOCK, to Harbor Grace Corps and District.
 ENSIGN BENNETT to Bonne Bay Corps and District.
 ENSIGN J. SPARKS to Carboner Corps and District.
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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 All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. "Wide margins and sufficient play." ***
 All correspondence should be sent in a plain envelope, and sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces. If despatched in a plain envelope or open wrapper and marked "Frances Copy."

A Veteran Hero Promoted.

A cable brings us the sad news that Commissioner Dowdle has laid down the sword and taken up a place closer to the King's throne. This intelligence will bring genuine regret to many hearts all round the world. The Commissioner was one of the grandest heroes of the Salvation Army, having been connected with it every since it was known as the Christian Mission. He has seen many a stormy scene, has braved mobs and riots fearlessly, and has, until recently, been an active and powerful officer.

Many of our readers will remember the portly Commissioner when he, in company with his gifted wife, made a tour, as Spiritual Specials, through Canada and the United States, about ten years ago. His meetings proved a powerful stimulant to many a corps, and their influence lives in many a heart to this day.

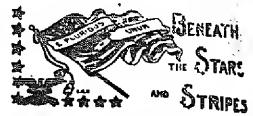
May the God of widows prove very precious to Mrs. Dowdle in this great loss.

Fresh Air Camps.

Fresh Air Camps have been, with great success, conducted by the Salvation Army in the United States; but in this country, as far as the Army is concerned, Mrs. Major Southall deserves the credit of having made the innovation which we heartily welcome. Independent societies have, from time to time, organized Fresh Air Funds in one or two Canadian cities, but their efforts have met only a fraction of the actual need. The pale, pinched cheeks of the poor children of the cities are the most touch-



STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. BURDITT.
 Recently Appointed Chancellors of East Ontario Province.



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Brewer have farewelled from their command at New York I. Adjt. and Mrs. Davis succeed them at the above corps.

Brigadiers Miles and Stillwell, assisted by the National Staff Bands and String Bands, dedicated, during the latter part of July, the new House-boat at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, which will be used as a Training ship for the Ordeals, who will conduct meetings at the different cities and towns on the Hudson River between New York and Albany. The dedication service was in the form of an open-air, and lasted for over two hours. The New York Cry says, "The ship furnishes the people with comfortable chairs either."

Mrs. Colonel Higgins has been on a tour visiting several large cities, among the number being Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Detroit.

Lieut.-Colonel Hulz has been conducting a week of very successful Camp Meetings at Rocky River—a suburb of Cleveland.

The Commander has been spending a few days at the Farm Colony, Fort Amherst.

Staff-Capt. Benjamin, of the Cherry Tree Home, is improving.

The demand for the Army's cheap ice in the poor districts of New York City is so great that Brigadier Stillwell has added another wagon to the distributing stock.

The National Singing Brigade has closed a blessed soul-saving series of meetings in the village of Kinderhook, N. Y. The Brigade was reinforced on Friday by Major Blanche Cox, with her A. D. C., Adjt. Voder, and Mrs. Brigadier Stillwell led four meetings during the week-end.

Major George Wood (an old Canadian officer), who is in charge of the Hawaiian Islands District, has appealed to our New York Headquarters for volunteers to extend the Army work there.

The Commander spent a Sunday at Chicago on his way to the Pacific coast. As well as conducting four meetings, including knee-drill, at which 22 souls came forward, he commissioned 35 cadets.

Colonel Sowton has returned to National Headquarters, after a trip through the Swedish section of the New England Division.

The next issue of the New York War Cry will be a Sabine Number, specially dedicated to the interests of our fighters in the ranks. Colored frontispieces, good illustrations and inspiring writings.

Major Galley is making arrangements for a free excursion for one thousand of New York's poor children.

Lieut.-Colonel William Evans, of the Pacific Coast Division, is improving. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Cozzett, who has recently undergone an operation for cataract, is also improving. Praise God for this cheering news.

The Commander met with a tremendous reception on the occasion of his visit to San Francisco.

Amongst other things that the plague, fire and quarantine at Honolulu have brought to light is the disgraceful traffic in Japanese girls. Several of the Japanese men who owned these girls were brought to trial, but apparently the law of that country was not far-reaching enough to touch them; consequently the cases were thrown out.



The most welcome news comes in the shape of Sir Claude Macdonald, Ambassador in China, do-



which he states that children are in the British service that the attack from the rebels from July, the new House-boat at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, which will be used as a Training ship for the Ordeals, who will conduct meetings at the different cities and towns on the Hudson River between New York and Albany. The dedication service was in the form of an open-air, and lasted for over two hours. The New York Cry says, "The ship furnishes the people with comfortable chairs either."

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Another attempt

to interfere with the

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Two hundred soldiers

out of Vancouver to

see from molestatio

—Reverent

given great hope for

—The Shah of P

Mr. Brewer has command at New York, Mr. Davis succeeds him.

Stillwell, assisted by Bruns and Stringer, the latter part of the day, will be used by the Canadas, who are at the different points of the Hudson River and Albany, and was in the form of a boat for over two years. The Cry says, "They come with camp-

has been on a large cities, among Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit.

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July 31st.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

The most welcome news from China comes in the shape of a telegram from Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Ambassador in China, dated July 21st, in



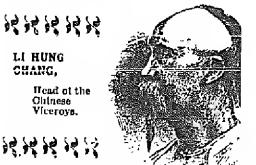
THE DOWAGER
EMPEROR
OF CHINA.



"KILL THE FOREIGNERS."

Natives Reading the Posters which are inciting the People to Kill all the "Foreign Devils."

which he states that the women and children are in the British Legation, and that the attack from the Chinese, which started from June 20th to July 10th, included, and an armistice had been agreed upon. The casualties of the foreigners amounted to sixty-two killed, and a number wounded. It appears now that the rumor of the death of the Dowager Empress and Emperor



LI HUNG
CHANG,
Head of the
Chinese
Viceroy.

unprepared, and that the Empress is holding the reins. Li Hung Chang, most prominent of Chinese Viceroys at Shanghai, and evidently playing games of the Empress with the four Consuls. He states that the four ministers will be held as hostages until satisfactory terms of settlement with the powers. He also hints that no advances on Pekin would mean a slaughter of the ministers. The mind of missionaries and native Christians by the hundreds and thousands is still going on in all parts of the Empire.

—♦]—♦—

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY

The hideous serpent of anarchy has once more raised his head. On July 30th King Humbert of Italy was assassinated by Angelo Bressi, of Prado, at Monza, Italy. The murderer shot three times in quick succession, with a revolver, one bullet piercing the heart of the King, who fell back and expired in a few minutes. The assassination has caused a profound sensation throughout Europe. His son will take the throne and will be known as King Victor Emmanuel the Third.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The hostilities between the Briton and Boer seem now to be confined to a limited part of the Transvaal. The British forces have made considerable advances in an easterly direction, and General De Wet, who has the remaining Boer forces of the Orange River Colony under his command, is said to be on the point of surrendering. General Prinsloo and one thousand Boers have surrendered to General Hunter unconditionally. This force was formerly under the supreme command of De Wet, who is now with a force of fifteen hundred men at Reitzburg. It is proposed to leave forty-five thousand men in South Africa, including fifteen thousand Boers and Boerists desiring to remain.

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Another attempt has been made to interfere with the Welland Canal, which has been frustrated by the guards. Two hundred soldiers have been called out at Vancouver to protect the Japanese from molestation by the white fishermen. Recent rains in India have given great hopes for raising a harvest. The Shah of Persia is visiting the

Exhibition at Paris.—The Canadian exhibits at Paris have secured many good prizes.—The Japanese Emperor is restricting emigration to British Columbia.—England has spent \$65,000,000 during the last two years for famine relief in India.—Forty lives were lost in Lake LeBarge, by the wreck of the steamer *Moorne*, coming from Dawson.

Owing to the increase of our work in Japan, the Headquarters at Shiba have proved too small, and they have consequently been shifted to Shimbashi. The site is a good central position, just opposite the station near the post and

the writer, Ensign Ellery and the Methodist minister, Dr. Clark, the former speaking complimentary of the S. A. in the work done, said he was proud of the position he held that night, and called upon Capt. Kenney. The latter referred to his stay in Dawson as a very pleasant one, even to the chopping of logs and building of cabins. The writer soled, by request, "I love Him best of all." Ensign Ellery, in a very pathetic

God bless the Staff-Captain, his wife and child.

—♦—♦—

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt succeeded Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, and the welcome meeting took place at No. 1. A large crowd was in attendance, also a number of officers, on their way to new appointments, together with the city officers. The new Chancellors were received with open arms, and none were more glad to see them than J. S. Ping.

The Relief of Dawson.

The Pioneer Party Leaves the Klondike, and the New Officers Take Charge.

On Thursday, July 5th, at 8:30, in the Methodist Church, with the Rev. Mr. Sinclair in the chair, we said good-bye to Dawson and welcomed the new party. After an opening song was lined out by the writer, Ensign Ellery and the Methodist minister, Dr. Clark, the former speaking complimentary of the S. A. in the work done, said he was proud of the position he held that night, and called upon Capt. Kenney. The latter referred to his stay in Dawson as a very pleasant one, even to the chopping of logs and building of cabins. The writer soled, by request, "I love Him best of all." Ensign Ellery, in a very pathetic

[referred to her past, present, and future, the crowd applauding her fully as she resumed her seat. Mrs. Ellery soled, "At the right hand God we never say farewell," and Ellery soled briefly of his pleasant acquaintance with the pioneers of the S. A. of the manual labor done side by side, and

The Union that Existed in the Mission Enterprise.

speaking for the community, he said the party were leaving with the goodwill of all. Responses of "Amen" from the audience assured the new contingent that the people's sympathy, etc., were with them, and wished them success. Capt. Lloyd received a Klondike reception. He said she was proud of two things: 1st, that she loved God; 2nd, that she has here and intended to do her master's will.

Adjt. and Mrs. Barr soled us with a duet, which, however, turned out to be a trio, as Cadet Janet chimed in. The Adjutant remarked that he did not know which was the most, ie, farewell, or the welcome, which brought down the house. Mrs. Barr's hymn was that the Kingdom of God should be extended, remarking that she did not feel happy at home by the absence given her.

Capt. Wilcox, accompanied by his guitar, soled, "No, never alone," which was received heartily by the crowd. The chairman expressed the regret of the absence of the other ministers, who wished the pioneers God-speed, and welcomed the new contingent to Dawson.

Adjt. Barr, on rising, was received in Klondike style. His points were plain: he and his staff were in Dawson

For the Benefit of the People.

and no stone would be left unturned to accomplish the desired end. He afterwards lined out, "God be with you till we meet again," which was sung heartily by the congregation. Mr. Sinclair pronounced the benediction.

Ice cream and cake were served rapidly to the satisfaction of all, who declared it to be the best ice cream they had tasted in Dawson. Much praise is due to the efforts of Capt. Lloyd and staff of *Frontier* traders.

"Sun for Five Seconds"

was the order of the photographer, and a very pleasant evening and social was brought to an end. In the pioneer experience another chapter closed. The future will relate about the new contingent, without doubt, some achievements worthy of the Flag with the Fiery Star.—Yours as ever, Johny L. Coop, Capt.

One reason why Job did not get entirely in the dark was because he kept looking up.

That cannot be the true religion which is so absorbed in the revelation of God that it forgets its relation to man.



On the Right Lines.

KALISPELL, Mont.—The presence of Lieut. Tippett, who is a thorough Salvationist in principle and practice, is a great blessing to us all. United we stand, and in God's strength we will keep the flag up. Since last report two men have sought the forgiveness of their sins purchased by Christ on the cross. Our open-air are very good. God is with us and helping us to preach Christ crucified. Oh, that the sinner would taste and see the riches of His grace! and, oh, that Christians would obey God fully and accept, by faith, the holy fire which will burn up all self! We are having victory in our souls and enjoy the blessing of clean hearts.—Lieut. J. W. Boyer.

Off to Alaska.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Two weeks ago Capt. Mrs. Chilberg said good-bye to her Rossland comrades to take up duties as assistant at the Rescue in Spokane. A number of the coms were at the depot to give her a p. S. A. "send-off." May the Lord her heart's desire in the risen many of the fallen. Last Monday C. Gooding and Lieut. Long brought months' of good, successful work to a finish with a farewell social. It was a splendid success, about two hundred taking part. At 10:40 p.m., corps band marched them to the station, see them off in proper style for frozen north, Skagway, Alaska. At their next appearance, we should that our "Sunshine" bade us fare too, and with them as far as Salmon. God bless Lieut. Smith. No welcomes. Adj't. Stevens arrived on Friday and got into interview at the Rossland corps and people gave her sincere welcome. Capt. Thoen appeared on Saturday, and sang herself in the confidence and good-will of Sunday's meetings were times of blessing.—Sergt.-Major.

HANNAH, N.D.—Once more "Sal-Dance" has come and gone, w. its trials and blessings, and once more we have had a grand victory in reaching our target. I said the effort I coms and gone, but thank God blessings are not gone, but shall be to fall upon the poor and not of our land, lifting up the fallen, ending the perishing, and rolling the chariot still faster along. Our soldiers and juniors have worked with a will and did what they could. They shall have their reward. The friends, also, have given of their substance. We can only thank them, but they shall have their reward. One lady gave me her wedding ring to sell for the famine fund. She shall have her reward.—Rob. Askin.

SCILLY COVE, Nfld.—After attending a beautiful council at St. John's, we went to our new appointments. Well, we are going in to do our best to bless and help our comrades and friends on the way to Heaven. The people have been so busy, we had small crowds at our meetings until Saturday night. A fine crowd was at our welcome meeting. I am glad to be able to take my stand and work heart and hand with my old comrades once more. Sunday was a day of rejoicing from morning till night, although no one cared to be saved.—Capt. Englund.

Thirteen Souls for the Week.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—No. I. is still looking up, and things seem to be working in the right direction. Souls are getting saved. Adj't. and Mrs. McLean have taken bold of this corps in good style, and are in for victory. The past week has been a great blessing to saint and sinner: God came very near, and at the close of our week's meetings we could give God the glory and dance for joy over thirteen souls in the Fountain. The band is still keeping to the front. Bandmaster Evans and the boys are determined to stand by us with music, to push the war on with greater speed. The Junior work is progressing. Adj't.

his new appointment. One particularly interesting feature of the meetings was the promotion of Lieut. Cook to be Captain, after four months' hard work at the Point, in which time she has shown that she has always sought the Kingdom first. We feel very sorry to lose her, but God will bless her in her new command at Morrisburg.—W. Goodale, Cor.

Challenge any W. O. Corps.

BRANTFORD—We are pleased to report that the old chariot is rolling on in this country. Our Thursday evening open-air meeting was a welcome to Adj't. McGillivray. A nice crowd turned out to greet him, and the meeting went with a swing. Saturday night and all day Sunday our new leaders held the reins, and God helped them very much, the crowds listening intently. Our expectations ran high for a successful completion of the summer's warfare, with such capable ones to lead us on. Keep your eyes on Brantford. The writer finds that Adj't. and Mrs. McGillivray are exceptionally interested in the J. S. work. We are therefore prepared to challenge any corps in the W. O. P. to heat us in the standing of J. S. company meetings. Now then, come along.—O. Shoemaker.

LISBURN—Colonel Jacobs, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stayton, conducted an old-time, soul-blessing soldiers' meeting, and I think he got blessed also by the testimony of some of the soldiers.

The Salvation Hand-Bell Miners.

ROCKWOOD, Ont.—The Salvation Hand-Bell Miners.

RIVERSIDE—Notwithstanding the extraordinary hot day, a beautiful crowd turned out to give the Territorial Secretary a royal welcome. We were all delighted to have him with us, and we shan't soon forget his meetings. A nice crowd gathered for the afternoon, but a much larger for the night meeting. His talk on "The Last Message" was indeed a treat. That favorite song, "My name in mother's prayer," was rendered very effectively, with organ accompaniment, by request. We closed the day with two seeking salvation. All praise to our King. Come again, Colonel.—W. G. W.

THE SALVATION HAND-BELL MINERS.

very near. At night two souls knelt at the Cross, one Senior and a Junior. —Capt. Ford.

CARBONERA, N.H.—Glad to report victory. Although most of our trades have gone away for the summer season, and there are only a few of us, God is blessing us and souls have been saved. Wednesday night was the welcome home meeting to our new D. O. Ensign Sparks. God bless him, and may his stay at Carbonera be a blessed one. All day and Sunday we find lines of power; at the close three poor wanderers came back to the fold.—Sergt. Major Taylor.

The Man from the East.

BRANTFORD.—We have just arrived after spending nearly five years in the beautiful East. We had to say goodbye to many comrades and friends and proceed to this our new scene of salvation warfare. After two weeks' furlough, we arrived in Brantford on Thursday, July 10th. We received a very warm welcome from the comrades and friends, and enjoyed our first week end together immensely. The J. S. R. workers here is second to none in the community. The live workers are up to their shoulders, and always looking for ways and means to improve the situation. A hour a challenge has gone forth to the W. O. P. in J. S. matters. The League of Mercy is, and, in fact, all branches of the S. A. are moving on nicely. The general work is grand. Our first impressions of city people and opportunities are very satisfactory. You'll hear from us again.—J. McGillivray.

OTTAWA.—Ensign Ottawa and Capt. McEwan paid a visit to Rupert village on Monday and Tuesday, July 15th and 17th. Ensign addressed the fornication congregation on Monday evening, Rev. Mr. Wyatt, the pastor, being present. On Tuesday evening Ensign spoke at the Christian Endeavor society at the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Gamble in the chair. Adj't. Ensign is here and the people helped doubly with our S. A. target. On Thursday the Juniors had a grand outing at Britannia. In the evening Ensign Ottawa's subject was, "The Army of Scandal." It being an account of how she joined the Army, and was very interesting. Sunday afternoon, consisting of five recruits as soldiers of the yellow, Red, and Blue, also two were transferred to our corps. On Saturday evening Capt. Vance and Lieut. McEwan farewelled. We wound up the day with a rousing salvation meeting. Five souls sought the Saviour.—Albert French, Sec.

Grand Week-End at Midland.

MIDLAND.—Saturday night was cool and two souls came to the Cross and found salvation. Sunday night was a bit time for the devil. Our holiness meeting was a time of blessing: two souls

LINDSAY.—Capt. and Mrs. Hanna have just said good-bye to Lindsay, after some three months' fighting against the powers of darkness. They leave behind them some real, warm-hearted friends and comrades. Lindsay, with all its faults and foibles, has still some real, true-hearted, loyal people, not only in the Army, but also out of it. If we could only get all our own soldiers fired with the Holy Ghost, there's no town or city in the Dominion would have, or has, better chances of doing something for God than Lindsay. Will all who read this report pray that God will pour out His Spirit on that corps. Lord, send the fire! We're sorry we can't say something more cheering, but this is an honest report. The Book says "Confess your faults one to another." —A. Moore, S. M.

Corner-Stone of Carberry Barracks Laid.

CARBERY.—For many months the Carberry soldiers and officers have been looking forward to building a barracks of their own in which they could carry on their good work. The business men and others were seen, and they gave quite liberally. Then the foundation of a solid brick barracks was laid, on a good site on the main street, and on Friday, July 20th, the corner stone was laid by T. E. Greenwood, M.P.P., of Douglas. Mrs. Major Southall was present, also Ensign Hayes of Brandon, and Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, of Neepawa. A nice crowd gathered to witness the stone-laying. The first song was laid out by Ensign Hayes, and after prayer and the reading of the Scripture, there was to be an address by the chairman, and in his absence, Mrs. Southall ably filled the bill, and made some very fine and fitting remarks. She afterwards introduced Mr. Greenwood, who declared the stone to be well and truly laid. He finished his address by asking for a collection during the taking-up of which Capts. Taylor and Gillam sang a duet. Some more addresses were given by prominent gentlemen, including the Mayor and ministers of the town and others. Then, after a solo by Mrs. Capt. Taylor, the service was closed by a short address by Mrs. Southall and the singing of the doxology.—E. H.

MINOT, N. D.—On arrival of our Captain, and while going to the quarters it was shooting out "There 't is" a hot time in the old town to-night, and there was. We have been making it hot for the devil ever since. Now officers taking well. Good meetings Sunday, but no souls gladdened our hearts, yet the battle is the Lord's and victory is ahead. Ensign Perry has come and gone again. His visit was a real blessing to all. His lecture on the Holy Word was greatly enjoyed. Minot never will give in.—R. Parker, Sergt.

A Good Town for Open-Airs.

ORANGEVILLE.—To find a place where open-air meetings are appreciated more and bigger collections are given is the same than in Orangeville, it would be difficult. On the 12th of July as the gathering together of twelve or fourteen Orange Lodges brought large crowds on the streets, the Army, with its music and drum, took advantage of the crowd and held two open-air afternoon and night. The people simply thronged the streets and the meetings with interest. Johnnie Haines, our new Company Cadet, is quite a help. He takes an important part in all the meetings. More again. Quite busy.—N. R. Trickey, Capt.



MINERS EN ROUTE TO DAWSON RECEIVING THEIR MAIL AT TAGISH POST OFFICE, IN THE PIONEER DAYS.

TWO LETTERS OUT OF MANY.

Glimpses of S. A. Prison Work.

June 25th, 1900.

Staff-Captain Archibald.

Dear Sir.—Your letter of June 18th received. I am very much obliged to you for writing me, as I was feeling very anxious about E., not having had a letter from him for two weeks. I am sure my son feels his position very heavily. His place is a very safe and isolated one. The date for his release is the 28th of July, as doubtless he has told you, when I hope to come to Toronto and fetch him home. If circumstances would permit I should like to come at once, but unless you consider my son's health is such that he needs me right away, I will not come until that time. I am glad that you have had some long talks with my poor son, and you have a mother's grateful thanks for any help or encouragement you can give him; he seems very dependent, but I hope when he gets home his health will improve.

July 18th, 1900.

To Staff-Captain Archibald.

Dear Brother.—I am thankful to inform you that I arrived home five minutes to twelve o'clock last night. Arrived at the station at 10:15 p.m. and walked home, a distance of six miles, in a very heavy rain, in one hour and

three-quarters, so you can fully understand I was anxious to get home. My wife and our two little boys were delighted to see me, and I was delighted to see them. I thank God for removing every stumbling-block in my pathway from Toronto to—. To-day myself and family are re-united in our own home in Christina love.

My wife received word, on Saturday last, from Secretary of State, that my pardon had been granted me. . . . Your kind favor I will never forget. May God help and prosper you in your noble work. Carry my heart-felt sympathy to the boys. Will write you again in a few weeks.

Yours sincerely,

O. S. C.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Capt. Noshitt has arrived to assist Capt. Fisher in the spudding of God's Kingdom here. Then have gone to work in earnest. Good open-air, but small crowds inside. Collections fairly good. Many under conviction, but none yielding.—J. H. F., R. C.

KINGSTON.—We are fighting the summer devil, the lizard-like devil, and the carnal devil; trying to get the people saved higher, proof against all these devils. Thank God there are a few warriors in Kingston who have kept their garments clean from the world. We are getting a few saved; one good case last Sunday night, one got restored through the week; one out for salvation last night, also a backslider.—Yours in the holy war, Chip.

CHAMPION SELF-DENIAL COLLECTORS.



Publication Scrut.—Major Jennie McQueen, Moncton, N.B., Collected \$75.25 for Self-Denial.

East Ontario Province.

Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	\$300.00
Capt. Burtch, Newport	87.99
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterborough	80.34
Bro. D. Cusick, Quebec	60.00
Bro. J. McMurtry, Sherbrooke	55.00
Adj't. O'Callie, Cornwall	45.32
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	45.32
Capt. Crege, Cobourg	45.00
Lieut. Hales, Newport	44.50
Capt. E. Jones, Burlington	43.67
Ensign Sims, Barrie	41.50
Capt. Green, Perth	41.00
Mrs. I. E. Barber, Burlington	36.00
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	35.35
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	35.00
Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	33.00
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	30.15
Capt. Ruth Crege, Kemptonville	27.15
Lieut. Brookets, Kemptonville	27.15
Adj't. Kewell, Kingston	26.02
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	26.00
Capt. Minford, Trenton	25.00
Capt. Ensign Jones, Tweed	23.02
Capt. Armandides, Sunbury	22.35
Mr. A. McCall, Kingston	21.55
Lieut. Mac Lang, Moncton	20.00
Lieut. Hickman, Penetanguishene	19.67
Capt. E. W. Owen, Castleford	19.00
Capt. Tytus, Arnprior	18.10
Lieut. Ludlow, Burie	18.00
Bro. Morse, Newport	17.10
Lieut. L. Newall, Burlington	16.70
Adj't. Magee, Ottawa	16.05
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterborough	16.00
Capt. Staniforth, Napanee	16.03
Mrs. Stace, Ottawa	16.00
Capt. Ash, Odessa	15.93
Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	15.25
Lieut. Longford, Arnprior	15.00
J. S. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	15.00
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Burie	14.00
Mr. W. S. Stiller, Sherbrooke	13.50
Ensign Verex, Brockville	13.12
Sister Homan, Peterborough	12.50
Sister N. West, Peterborough	12.20
Lieut. Hobbs, Port Hope	11.00
Sergt. Mr. Dins, Elginstar	11.00
Lieut. Northeast, Peterborough	10.53
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	10.35
Bro. C. Garrett, Tweed	10.25
Bro. J. Parkinson, Kemptonville	10.15
Ensign Jones, Tweed	10.10
Bro. Lee, Kingston	10.00
Band-Sergt. Christmas, Kingston	10.00
Bro. Snoddy, Kingston	10.00
Bro. Guthrie, Arnprior	10.00
Mrs. S. Taylor, Montreal	10.00
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville	10.00

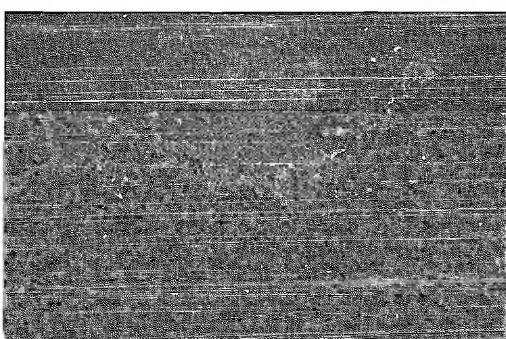
Bereavement.

There once was a sheep that wondered far.

Away from the one true Guide, Attended not by His gentle calls, From morn till eventide, But strayed beyond the pastures green, With her little lamb at her side.

Then the tender Shepherd lifted the lamb, And bore it away to His fold. The mother heeded His loving voice, And turned from the mounting cold, To follow the lamb in the Shepherd's arms.

Right up to the gates of gold.—Katherine A. Clarke.



MAIN STREET, BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

This is one of the prettiest little towns there is in the Annapolis Valley. It is noted as one of the best places for apples, and plums, cherries, pears, strawberries, and other different kinds of fruit are grown here successfully. Many tourists come here from the United States and other parts, to spend their summer months. The people of this town take a great pride in their homes, which are kept up beautifully. Bridgetown has some houses as magnificent as any there are in this country. A river runs into the Bay of Fundy.



Capt. Dawson, of Montreal.

Capt. Buason, Jamestown, N.D.

the blessing of a clean heart. God crowds all day Sunday. Night meetings are held by Capt. F. Wadde. God spoke to the hearts of many. We closed with three more in the Pommern, making seven souls for the week-end, for which we give God all the glory.—Capt. Dales and Lieut. Phillips.

BOTHWELL.—A good week-end, good meetings, good collections, one soul Sunday night. Ensign Hodder met with us. "Come again, Ensign," says Bothwell.—Capt. Thompson.

PROSTRATION: NERVOUS AND SPIRITUAL.

BY COMMANDANT HERBERT H. BOOTH.

(Commandant Herbert H. Booth has just come through a lengthy and severe illness, and wrote these notes with the memory of his recent sufferings fresh upon him.—Ed.)

Nervous Prostration.

Have you ever suffered it? If so, you will know the sensations are not easily described. It is a general stupor for WANT OF STEAM! It is the more perplexing because, apparently, so unreasonable. There is nothing much to see—no open wounds; no broken limbs; no well-defined disease, with throbbing pulse and racking fever; no rheumatic pain attackable by mustard plaster, or swollen joint possible of rubbing down with olive oil!

Nervous prostration is none of these. It is an undriven, "finish up." You will stop. Something goes wrong with the "machinery," and you simply have to suspend operations.

VVV

The Ship Does Not "Go."

Sometimes at sea, on an ocean liner, in the night, the throb of the machinery suddenly stops; a strange stillness creeps over the ship; nothing but the whirl and splash of the water is audible; the vessel veers round till broadside on; the waves roll under, playing "hateth-dore" with the ponderous hull. It is the more aggravating because it seems so unreasoning. We are excellent seafarers! We have all the latest machinery. There is navigation on the ship; engineering on the ship; electricity on the ship; every necessary service on the ship; and yet, the ship does not GO!

VVV

When the Nerves are Run Down.

So it is in the human organism when the nerves centres run down. You halves—sound and substantial—you get up and use them—they sink beneath you like pastchook! You look strong enough up the higher stories of your anatomy—you will sit up and insert yourself—something seizes you at the base of the spine, and you lie back lost you should come in two! You have eyes—nothing but the matter with your sight, you will read a little; but your appetite disappears so that the words spell themselves backwards, and the pages go round like a windmill. Surely your ears are unaffected! You can at least listen—a little music will kill the monotony—so the piano plays, the violin speaks a few harmonious phrases. The notes creep along the backbone, you feel the vibration in your toes; the melody dissolves and dilutes in the brain, and, to your astonishment, oozes in tears-drops from your eyes. It is the music coming through in solution.

VVV

Nerve Counts, Not Weight.

In the clutch of this disease you alternate between hope and despair. One day life is bright, and you are climbing; the next day it is distinctly bright up above, and you are correspondingly hopeful. The next day life is a zigzag descending through a shunt—you appear to be sliding down into physical depths of doleful darkness. On the whole, this malady has nothing to recommend it, yet there are lessons it teaches. The victim comes to understand the terrible subtilty of his organism. He is not a mere lump of bones and flesh, muscles and glands. He understands what makes him most a man not most a success is not his WEIGHT, but his nerve—his spirit. The giant with the spirit of a snail would be a gigantic snail, and therefore a gigantic misnomer. It is not the number of inches round the girth that tells—it is the nerve power! As a "going concern" the flea is a long way ahead of the tortoise! That is because the flea has more spirit. Take care, therefore, how you trifle with the nerves. If they desert—you are done!

VVV

Spiritual Collapse.

And is there not a prostration of the soul also? A general collapse of power when there is even an elaborate up-keep of form and semblance. Illy we breath of mind, high sound of protestation, unblushing appearance of behaviour, who, nevertheless, were absolutely without power Divine? Of thought power,

word power, moral power, and will power, they could in no sense be said to be lacking. But in GOD-POWER—power SUPERNATURAL—soul-keeping and soul-attacking power, how sorrowfully defective they were! Oh, my brother! my sister! For we it from me to under-estimate any sort of power pressed into the service of Christ. He who is in control of Time and Eternity, He has a right to them. But I earnest you not to be so fatally mistaken as to suppose mere breadth of mind, or depth of sagacity, or soundness of doctrine, or profundity of works, can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. You may stand replete in all such qualities, but if you have not a baptized spirit, if your elaborate temple of human creation is not the temple where dwells the Holy Ghost, you are as yet UNSEALLED unto the Day of Redemption! You are a painted vessel flying all the insignia of religion, possessing all its machinery, but without its propulsive power! You are drifting with the tide!

VVV

Some of Its Symptoms.

Do you suffer from this spiritual prostration? Here, for your guidance, are a few symptoms of the disease: There is often much outward show of religion; prayer repeating, without any particular realization of God's presence; Bible reading, with little of the vivid perception that God Himself is communicating with you in writing. There is much about you that would lead others to expect great things. You have many thoughts—in fact, you put yourself down as distinctly profound—but somehow, when you stand up to give your thoughts expression, they fall flat, or they soar too high, and nobly seem impressed. You are a great spokesman; you have powers of speech, and have gone so far as to string together words and phrases, some of which you know by heart. When you come to deliver these words, however, somehow, like boy repeating a recitation, as if giving out something well on the brain, but 100 miles from the heart. It comes out "Words! Words! Words!!" You put on pressure to emphasis, and it turns into Shout! Shout! Shout!!

VVV

Evaporated Religion.

You are, in fact, in the Valley of BONES! They are excellent bones! Elaborate bones! But, behold, they are very dry! You think, no doubt, you are an excellent saint, but you are equally sure you are awfully dry one! You feel as if you were living on DRIED RELIGION! Your testimony is a preserved one—bottled up in one, two, three, four, nay, and labled extremely! You are trying to live on this bottled stuff yourself, and feed others on it as well! Both you and they are inclined to think the diet a wee bit musty!

VVV

To Heaven by Horse-Power.

You avow the doctrine of holiness—you preach holiness; you even profess holiness; and yet, imposing as you are, in appearance of power—sitting along like an ironclad, you know when certain torpedoes are launched against you, you wait for their deliverance like a helpless mass of powerless machinery, and your elaborate appearance of goodness is quickly exploded—to yourself it not to others. You have the Bible in your head, and the uniform on your back; and the Captain, or the Brigadier, or the Commandant, or the General, in your eye. You have your reputation to maintain and your duty to perform, and you have a great deal to do! do! DO!!!

VVV

The Nosed Cylinder.

It is a constant misery to you that you do not get along better. Apparent-

ly you are a going concern. You have all the equipment—a first-class generator, excellent cranks and any number of cylinders. You have a cylinder full of regulations! A cylinder full of texts! A cylinder full of resolutions! A cylinder full of high-pressure water-power! And yet, notwithstanding all these cylinders, you don't seem to go!

My comrade! You have a cylinder charged with the Holy Ghost! You want the power in the machine for which it is designed! The Divine Spirit! The Moving Spirit from on High! Sustained with humble heart and moderate soul! Seek it with back bared to the burden God would have you carry, and when it comes you will see how smoothly all the machinery of your life will work.

Blessed Jesus! Save us! SAVE US from the worship of the unknown—the unfelt—the UNREALISABLE God!

"The Lord Our Righteousness."

Jeremiah xxiii. 16.

"What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"—I. Cor. iv. 7.

My sins are mine,
My grace is Thine.
My joy—it flows from Thee—
Thy melting love to me.

My shame is mine,
My glory Thine,
My peace—O happy thought!—
Thy part on Calvary wrought.

My guilt is mine,
My pureness Thine,
My faith—all praise to Thee!—
Thy precious gift to me.

My fears are mine,
My comfort Thine,
My strength—though small it be—
Jesus! I draw from Thee.

My doubts are mine,
My hope is Thine,
My love—a spark Divine—
Like all my good, is Thine.

—W. Howell.

GONE HOME.

Another Cornwall Soldier Promoted to Glory.

Twice inside of five months death has claimed a soldier of Cornwall corps.

After eleven weeks' illness, and over 30 years' Christian warfare, Mrs. Barrington was rallied to her reward, aged 56. About a week before her death, a sudden change for the worse took place, and small hope was entertained for her recovery. She gave no sign of recognition to two of her children, who had been hastily summoned home from a distance. On Monday evening, July 16th, while all the family and our officers were assembled in the sick chamber, she passed from time to spend eternity with her Saviour, whom she loved. Just a few days before, while visiting her, Adjt. Ogilvie asked her if she found Jesus all she expected. She opened her eyes and replied "Yes." It was the last word that she spoke. On the 18th, Staff-Captain Taylor, of Montreal, conducted the funeral service, assisted by Adjt. Ogilvie and Lt. Thompson. Nearly all of the soldiers were present, and marched from the barracks to her late residence. A large crowd had assembled. A service of about half-an-hour's duration was held. Several comrades testified to the godly life of our comrade and of blessings received from her testimony. Headed by the colors, officers and soldiers, with muffled drum, the funeral procession to Woodlawn Cemetery. On the highest part, within a few feet of our other comrades that are lying there, our sister was laid to rest. In the service at the house and graveside, Staff-Captain Taylor put forth the claims of God, speaking from the 11th verse of the 10th Psalm. God's presence was with

the last hour of sorrow.

By-and-bye! We say it softly,
Thinking of a tender love,
Stirring always in our bosoms,
Where so many longings grope.

By-and-bye! Oh, love shall greet us
In a time that is to come;
And the fears that now distract us,
Then shall all be stricken dumb.

By-and-bye! The mournful sorrows
Clouding o'er our sky to-day,
Shall be gone in glad to-morrow,
Shall be banished quite away.

By-and-bye! We say it gently,
Looking on our silent dead;
And we do not think of earthly life,
But of heaven's sweet life instead.

By-and-bye! Oh, say it softly,
Blinking not of earth and care,
But the by-and-bye of heaven,
Waiting for us over there.

us during the service, and all must have felt that in youth, and in health, was the time to seek and serve God. The following Sunday evening the memorial service was held. Nearly every seat in the barracks was filled. As the comrades testified to God's power to save and to keep, and of the devotion of life of our late comrade, sinner and backslander, others could not but see and feel the danger of rejecting God's offers of mercy. Although no one yielded, yet feel that the results of this meeting will be seen in time to come. A husband and ten children are left to mourn the loss of a good and kind mother. While this is the first time that the family circle has been broken, it is good to know that Jesus was her Saviour. God grant that each remaining may experience this also. Bro. and Sister Carrington came to this country from England, eighteen years ago. About eight years of that time have been spent in Cornwall, most of which they have been soldiers of our corps.—C. E. Tomlough, J. S. S.M.

A Faithful Warrior Gone Home.

I arrived in Stratford on the morning of Thursday, July 19th, and met E. Scott, who informed me one of our oldest and most faithful soldiers had been promoted to Glory, and requested me to take the funeral service. Having some hours' wait before taking train for Bradford, our new appointment, I consented to do so.

The son of the deceased comrade drove Capt. Hunter and myself to the home of Thomas George Thompson, some eight miles in the county of Avon. In the township of Duvine. It was indeed a lovely spot, and yet amidst the flowing rivers and waving grain, there has fallen a deep sorrow upon the home and family of Bro. Thompson. I found the family, while deeply mourning the loss of a kind father, full of hope, knowing especially in his case, it was a glorious release. Our comrade was an invalid for nearly eight years; he bore his illness with true Christian fortitude and silently the death messenger came. Is his living moment he said, "I am."

"Oh, take me as I am!
My only plea, Christ died for me,
Oh take me as I am!"

Some of the words were not audible, but he strongly sang out, "Oh, take me as I am."

The immense crowd of friends and neighbors spoke volumes of the high esteem in which our departed comrade was held. After an impressive service held at the homestead, the long procession of rigs moved to the Avon Bay Cemetery, where the Rev. Mr. Graham, of the Presbyterian Church, conducted the service at the grave. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Graham, was detailed from the service to the grave. The service was conducted with great interest.

In conversation with a life-long neighbor, he said, "We have lived together for about 30 years, and never had any unpleasant occurrence pass between us. He added that our comrade was good, morally, but when he got into world, change of heart spiritual things were ever his constant theme. His friend concluded by saying he was a true Christian. This was a glorious testimony of the life and devotion of one of our most tried and faithful soldiers. The family has our deepest sympathy in this hour of sorrow.

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Where so many longings grope.

By-and-bye! Oh, love shall greet us
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And the fears that now distract us,
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Waiting for us over there.

—Adjt. McGillivray.

Can you bear that another should get the credit for what you have done?

(From Our Special Correspondent)

Gond-Bye, Dowell.

The appointment of Adjt. McLean, the successor of Adjt. Dowell, overtake at the Citadel, St. John's, marks another epoch in the Salvation Army work in Newfoundland. During Dowell's term of service he kept up his reputation as a leader and made a splendid record in progress and advancement in the work which he appears to be eminently fit. The new Citadel will be a lasting monument to his memory. His numerous friends, who stood by him so faithfully through his campaign, and crowded farewell meetings, were sorry for his departure. The general verdict "Dowell has his peculiarities, but a real, downright hustler."

Welcome, McLean.

Adjt. and Mrs. McLean are splendid officers, full of faith and energy, full courage and resolution, and their bright promise and hope for the future is not too much to say that they are possessed of entire gifts of mind and spirit which the "sime qui non" of regular permanent success in Army work. They are very modest officers, but through modesty their excellent qualities stand more brilliantly than they would stand in any other medium. Their first meetings here have been eminently successful. The Adjutant conducted a successful charge on the enemy's ranks on Sunday last, capturing about a dozen prisoners for the day. Their open-air meetings centres of great attraction. Large crowds assembled, some purely spiritual natives, others being attracted by the Adjutant's skillful manipulation of the concert, and the delicate tones of Mrs. McLean's a capella. I say, God bless the new officers and encourage them with abundant success in their "work of faith and labour."

An Interview with Brigadier Sharp.

Your correspondent has just been interviewed with an interview with the vigilant and active Brigadier Sharp, which the following is the substance:

Correspondent: Good morning, Brigadier Sharp.

Brigadier: Good morning.

Cor: I have come to ask if you give me some information regarding work and progress of the S. A. during the past year.

Brig: Yes, sir; what is it you want to know?

Cor: Have your expectations for past year been fully realized?

Brig: Yes, more than realized. We have exceeded our present in progressive Army work for the past year.

Cor: How many corps have you additional for the year, and the number now?

Brig: For the past year we have organized eight additional corps, making now a total of fifty-six. We have 3,000 soldiers, and 112 officers. Besides these we have Junior corps aggregating membership of 500, and a Band of 200 with a membership of 800, and 218 corps, with an attendance of 1,370.

Cor: What is the present outlook for the Salvation Army in a religious organization in this country?

Brig: Bright, exceedingly bright. We are continually covering new ground, and by the help of God we are going forward to win new territory, and do better work for Him than we have ever done in the past.

Cor: What about your Rescue work?

Brig: In this department we have made considerable advance during the past year. The Rescue Home has been well looked after by Adjt. Tovell. The Home has been enlarged and provided with increased accommodation, at a cost of about \$1000, subscribed by one generous patron in this city. We have had 47 cases to deal with during the past two years, and under the care of God we have gone through with encouraging success. Many poor, wayward children have been rescued from the paths of sin and shame.

Cor: What about your Food and Shelter Depot?

